## MR. VAN WYCK IN NEBRASKA.

The Senator Spends a Day in Lincoln and

Prepares for Speeches. NO SUNDAY BASE BALL GAMES.

The Capital City Management Will Observe the Lord's Day-Inlk of Retalistion - The Ashland Cut-off-Lincoln News.

STREET THE REF LINCOIS BUREAU. Senator Van Wyck and Mrs. Van Wyck were at the state capital yesterday, guests at the Capital botel, where a number of people took occasion to call upon them. The senator is vigorously at work and ready for the tall campaign, prepared to make an account to the people of Netrasks of his stewardship. This Tuesday) night he speaks at Stromsburg. There are many demands upon his time for the coming three months from all parts of the state and from all classes. who desire to hear from the senator upon the questions of the day. In conversation with the BEE representative the senater expressed nimself as much pleased to be at home again in Nebraska after the long-continued session. we worth anything should be thorough, we long-continued session. long-continued session.

"The senate," remarked the senator, "has done much good work, much of which is incomplete owing to the delays party to which they belong. The lord of the house and many important meassic ward of the household receives the ures were left at adjournment in the hands of conference committees."

Some of the most important land grant forfeiture bills have found such lodgment, but the senator feels confident that the next session will see them carried through successfully. Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck departed for Omnha on the evening Burlington train.

STOTTING THE GAME.

The Lincoln base ball association has, under its reorganization, adopted the policy of no Sunday games, recognizing he sentiment that exists against the national game on Sunday. On Sunday therefore, irrespective of the association, the Lincoln and Leadville clubs agreed upon a game for the park at the usual hour, but when the bour came complainunts were on the grounds and the game, to the disappointment of 1,500 spectators, was declared off. The question of ball playing on Sunday is thus renewed again nd warm advocates may be found endorsing both sides of the question. Some of the more excitable parties are agitaling the question of suppressing every business on Sunday as a sort of retalia-tion, and if such a course should be taken the butchers and bakers and street cars and hack lines and pleasure driving and the printing and selling of papers would have to go, and go speedily. But there is no danger of such radical measures, and the storping of ball playing does not call for any special reform of the retaliating kind. There is a line of public sentiment that brings all such questions to a level, where they are either sustained or lost. It looks as though the sentiment against Sunday ball games had come to stay.

Col. R. E. Cushing, the prominent railroad contractor, who has been doing a large amount of work for the Burlington route on their new extensions, was in the city yesterday between trains. regard to the Ashland Cut-off Mr. Cush-ing stated that the grading work was completed and that he had a large force of men now at work on the grade east of Ashland straightening the main line at the month of Salt Creek, which work requires the cutting through of the high hill at that point. The Piatte river bridge is completed for the Ashland Cut-off, and the delay seems to be in the company getting the iron from the eas with which to lay the track.

A CASE OF ASSAULT Yesterday before Police Judge Parsons appeared one Joseph Boyer, who complained to the court that the night be fore one John Englebert did feloniously, maliciously, and with malice and intent to kill him, the said Bover, threaten to shoot then and there with a revolver loaded with powder and leaden balls and in the hand of the defendant. The complaint amounted to assault with intent to cill and also recited that the defendant had threatened to shoot, consequently, on this sanguinary recital the judge issued his warrant for the arrest of issued his warrant for the arrest Englebert and he was taken into custody The trial was a promising one for long continuance and for much testimony. IN POLICE COURT.

In police court yesterday the long row of offenders against the peace and dig nity of the state was drawn up in single file before the judge to receive sentence Mat Johnson and H Johnson, the two parties who hunted around police headquarters with stones and brass knnekles Sunday morning at daylight, and who were laying for the captain of the night police, were fined twenty dollars and costs each for their amusement. They paid out and were dismissed, poorer in purse but wiser in the ways of the world and the police force.

David Briggs, the forty-year-old farmer

who celebrated his birthday in the city cooler, was arraigned, plend guilty to drunkenness and paid a fine of one dollar and costs.

William Harvey and Dennis O'Shauster answered guilty to the judge's query and were fortunate enough to secure the funds with which to purchase freedom. William Anderson, Mike Duffey, Con

Duere and N. Gosom were arraigned and charged with both drunkenness and disorderly conduct. They were each fined five dollars and costs and committed to ial to work it out. Charles Emery, T. Williams and Jim Scott also were assessed a fine and departed with the police officials to hunt up friends who would help them out financially in their settle-PERSONAL PRACTICE STREET,

Secretary of State Roggen was an Omaha traveler yesterday on business to that city, and Deputy Secretary Winter-steen returned bome from Sunday out

with his constituency at Geneva.

I. P. Higby, formerly of the Windsor boicl, who has been at Nebraska City the past two weeks helping the Morton house folks during the absence of one of the proprietors, is back to Lincoln again. The first heavy rain since the 9th day of June fell at this place Sunday night, and the drouth, in so far as this locality is concerned, is apparently ended. It is the end of the greatest drouth in ten years for this immediate section.

State Superintendent Jones, who has been busily engaged in county institute work the last two weeks, was at Lincoln over Sunday, leaving yesterday for institute work at Fairbury
The teachers' normal institute for Lan-

caster county opened the second week of its course yesterday at the high school building with an increased attendance. The lecture of Dr. Thompson will be the attraction for the institute the present

The sewer and dram pipe company organized for the manufacture of such ma-terial at West Lincoln. It is expected it will have arrangements made to com-mence work on buildings at an early day.

Yesterday Nebraska guests registered at Lincoln hotels numbered the following: W. F. Buck, Superior: J. H. Murray, O. M. Johnson, Omaha: B. C. Cowdry, Columbus; L. Waugh, Plattsmouth; H. Columbus; L. Waugh, Platismouth; H. C. Wortham, Pawnee City; Samuel Late, J. A. Small, Hayes Center; T. W. Harvey, Burlington; J. D. McDonald, Froment; William Smith, Bartley; F. C. Roberts, Palmyra; J. B. Meredith, Fremont; C. H. Van Wyck, Nebraska City.

Some of Salisbury's Spoils.

Those of our esteemed contemporaries whose ideal of civil service reform, as they aver, is practically attained in the British Empire, might profitably despatch special correspondents of recognized ability to investigate the fetich which they, in their ignorance, call upon Americans to fall down and adore.

The Globe's suggestions have usually been followed by some of its contemporaries, as for instance, the matter of illustrated journalism and other lines of new departure. We make the last suggestion to them in perfect good faith, solely actuated with a desire to get some light into their nitherto darkened columns on this subject. Before their "specials" start out we will offer a few pointers on the British built service by way of making their work easy and whet properite for the inquiry ginning at the top round of the official ladder it will be found for a long way downward that the "spoils" system is as igidly carried out as if Finnagan of Texas was himself the perpetual civil ser-vice counsellor of each British cabinet. At the bottom of the indder, in the poorly od offices, civil service reform obtains some extent-by no means so far as is imagined by its "unco godly" American worshippers. As the investigation to be start on first, the officials of the roys household, who hold office only durin the continuance in power of the politic modest pittance of \$10,000 a year for a supposed general supervision of her muesty's domestic economy. A little army of underlings, not so well paid, belong to his department. Then comes the easurer of the household and the comptroller, each receiving a salary of \$4,520, with their respective battalions of underlings. The lord chamberlain only gets \$10,000 a year for presumably having charge over all the chambers except the royal bedchamber. By the way, the esent lord chamberlain is the earl Kenmare, who is just now making the county of Kerry, Ireland, where his landed property lies, a downright pande-montium brough the wholesale evictions of his rack-rented tenantry. As though the lord chamberlain could not perform fictitious work of the office alone, he is given a vice chamberlain, with an an-nual stipend of \$4.620. In addition he has charge of sixteen knights to protect the defenceless damsels and dames of the court, at good round salaries. He has four salaried chaplains, to pray for them, four salaried voemen to make beds, a well paid barber to dress their hair, a well paid doctor to physic them, a salaried surgeon to repair their broken limbs, and some fifty other subordinates. each one drawing a snug yearly stipend.

Next comes the master of the horse, whose authority is supposed to extend over the stables, including the horses, Spannish jennet, trotters, blacksmiths, chmen, harnessmakers, etc. For performing this duty he is paid \$12,500 a year. To aid this functionary, however, there is a chief equerry, at a salary of \$5,000, with several additional equerries at \$3,500 a year each. Then there is a master of the buckhounds, who has no buckhounds in connection with his office look after, but he gets \$8,500 a year all the same. A groom of the stole receives \$10,000. Twelve lords of the bodehamber receive \$5,000 m year each, while thirteen grooms of the bedeamber get only \$2,500 per annum apiece. members of yeomen of the guard get from \$5,000 a year downward, while the gentlemen-at-arms are paid from \$2,500 downward. A number of lords-in-waiting are each allowed \$3,515 a year, while sundry grooms-in-waiting get but \$1,680. A small army of aristocratic pages bring up the rear of the royal household spoils men, each with \$1,000 a year out of the taxes paid by the British and Irish peo-All these snug berths go as spoils to

the victors with every change of ministry. The ladies, too, of the political party in power are not forgotten. A mistress of the robes is satisfied with \$2,500. Ten ladies of the bedchamber receive a like sum each. Nine bedchamber women receive \$1,500 apiece. Eight maids of honor receive \$2,000 a year each. Then there is royal falconer and wood rangers. and a host of other well paid officials dependent on the ministry in power. The competitive system is unthought of in this extensive domain of British officialism.

When a British ministry goes out of office, in addition to the official army just referred to, scores of private secretaries, who are paid by the public, and hundreds of contingent clerks from the gov-erament offices go out with them. Every British ministry has, moreover, absolute isbursement of the people's money to unfimited amount, under the name of the "secret service fund." Millions of llars are paid out yearly through his channel to whomsoever the heads of epartments see fit. In some years, as in 1882, these disbursements amounted to over \$6,000,000. No information will be given the people's representatives as to whom these sums are paid, or as to what service, if any, have been rendered by the payees. When Mr. Gladstone two the payees. When Mr. Gladstone two months ago submitted to the commons his estimates for the secret service fund the leading tories declared against the magnitude of the amount asked for, and called upon him before the vote was taken to declare that it should not be used for electioneering purposes. They had been there themselves, and of course knew what they were talking about. In this direction lies another auriferous vein for

fetish worshippers of British civil service to look up.

Now take the office of Postmaster General Raikes, who has just been appointed by the Marquis of Salisbury. He gives out the new contracts for carrying the mails to such railroads and steamboat ines as he sees fit, totally untrammelled The commons cannot interfere with this osorute prerogative of his office, which carries with it a valuable patronage; not. indeed, in the subordinate positions of the postal department, but very far reaching outside of it. To refer to the various British departments in detail would be tedious and wearssome, and as we only proposed to give our contem-poraries a few helpful hints in starting out their special correspondents, we will We could go on indefinitely fornishing clews to other branches of the British spoils system. But this will do

for the present. A Brooklyn night watchman climbs 828 stairs every night, or over one hundred and forty during each of the thir-teen hours he is on duty.



MOST PERFECT MADE PHILE BAKING POWDER CO., Chicago and St. Louis.

AMONG THE WILD RED MEN.

Singular Sights in the Little Born Valley.

Rosst Dog for Dinner-Queer Mode of Courtship-Adventure With Snakes-Indian Fisherman.

While at the Crow Indian agency on the Lettle Big Horn, a few days ago, writes the correspondent of the Plitsburg Commercial Gazette from Fort Keegh I made the acquaintance of Chief Two Belly, who is quite a big Indian when at home. This great redskin made me perfeetly welcome in his lodge, and insisted upon my partaking of a rib or two of roast turn before a slow smoking fire in the center of the tepee. Not being very hungry at that moment I begged to be excused from this tittle bill of fare, much to the chagran of the chief who was in dead earnest about the dinner, and was in truth a generous-hearted, well-meaning host. Two Belly introduced me to his charming daughter, Miss Wicista-Necta, which translated into the vernacular, me for a wife at the sow price of two ponies. Being possessed of one wife aiseasy, and quite a respectable-sized family, I also had the nerve to decline this most excellent offer simply out of respect for my first wife's feelings.

Speaking of wives and marriage customs among Indians, I could see here and there, scattered throughout the camp, or wandering under the trees and

along the banks of the Little Horn river.

ciose at hand, young couples, lovers and plighted pairss with a single blanket

wound around their persons. This, I learned, was the Absaraka mode of

come fascinated with each other, even

ough they have never spoken before

all the young lothario has to do is to run up to the object of his affections and

brow a blanket over her head. If the

maiden makes no resistance he is ac-

usual price of a pony or two to her avari-cious old father. But if the girl throws

off the blanket and will have none of his

luggage he might as well call a halt and

give up courting in that direction at once

pepted, and the next step is to pay

When two young persons be-

DUDES AND DANDIES.

The Crows are further advanced in civilization than any other tribe on the continent. So far have they progressed in the ways of the whites that the young bucks and even middle aged tellows, af-fect dandyism. There are many dudes among these people at the present writing. The young men bang their hair in front and let it fall gracefully in long braids down the back. In summer, especially, if the weather is very hot the males wear no clothes to speak of, ex-cepting a breechcloth, or clout girded about the loins. This breech arrangement is in some cases bespangled and as handsome as the trunks worn by a circus performer. To add to their other attrac-tions, they paint their bodies all manner of colors and wear no end of eagle featners. Every buck has a little case studded with brass nails in which are contained paint, feathers, a looking glass and a va-riety of breech clouts. The maidens wear a sort of light and airy Mother Hubbard costume, highly colored stockings (usually a flaming red), and paint their hair and person but one shade, a bright Previous to my late visit to the Crows, I had always been of the im-pression that the Absaraka maidens entertained as high a standard of morality as her carefully nurtured white sister, but if virtue ever existed among these people it is certainly extinct now. The agent informed the writer that the Crows had need of constant attention from the agency physician and from other sources I learned that the males and females of this particular tribe are wofully loose in

their morals. During my visit to this camp, I made it a point to journey up the entire valley of the Little Horn as far as the famous Black Canyon. This stopendous freak of nature is fully equal to any of the mar-vels contained in the Yellowstone national park. It is a great resort for bear the fiercest of the species of this Rocky Mountain monster being found within the depths of the Black Canyon, Far up near the head of this remarkable gorge on the banks of a clear and sparkling rivulet filled with the most gorgeous of all the piscatorial species, the rainbow trout, was the tepee of an Indian whose name is certainly the longest in the Crow, our own, or any other language. Literally translated it read as follows: "The Man translated it read as follows: Who-Strikes-rhs- Enemy- Goes-Past-Himand Then Turns - Round - and - Comes Back-Again." This may seem a remarkable combination for one individual to totter along under; but when we consider that the red men of every tribe name their people from some act or occurrence committed or happening during life, the strange nomenclature adopted by them will not seem so remarkable after My friend with the long name had a friend of his own camped a little further up the canyon, who bore the more eu-phonious title of "Two Bears" simply because be had brought down with one

she; ages ago, a duet of bruins, who were thirsting for his heart's blood. A SNAKE STORY. In traversing the distance between the two lodges, accompanied by Mr. Man-Who-Strikes-His-Enemy, etc., a most re-markable adventure befell me. As we were wading through the tall grass of the canyon, penetrating deeper and deeper into the rocky recesses, all at once my companion gave me a violent push which sent me spinning some eight or ten yards to one side. I quickly regained my balance and cast an anxious eye at the redskin, at the same time cocking my numerical, not being used to such familiarity from the sons of the forest. I suspected the gentieman of treachery; but as he was armed with simply a bow and several long-feathered arrows, while I had powder and lead, I was not in much fear as to the result. Now, my dark-skinned friend meant the gentle push simply as an act of kindness, for almost immediately I heard the ominous rattle, and then learned that I had come pretty

near stepping upon an eight-foot rattle-snake coiled in the grass. The Indian drew a deer thong riding-whip from his girdle, and with a couple of cuts laid the reptile hors du combat. While we were watching the ugly thing wriggling and squirming about in the grass a second rattle was heard close by, and in a mo-ment the mate of the dying serpent came gliding into view. The Absaraka bravely dispatched this one also, which measured six feet six inches in the clear. After this little diversion we proceeded

on our journey toward the tepee of Two Bears. When within a hundred yards of this great Chief's wigwam, or lodge, and in a sort of clearing, where the grass was short and croppy, for a third time we heard the unmistakable sound of a rattlespake, and looked around just in time to see a monster one disappear in its hole. The Indian made a sign for me to ait on the ground and keep perfectly quiet. He threw himself flat on his face, fitted an arrow to his bow, and waited for the spake to appear. He had not long to wait, for the rattler poked his nose about two inches out of the ground and followed it up the next moment with his whole head. The Indian looked at me and I looked at bim. Twang! went the bow, and the ar-row pierced the the snake through the neck and imbedded itself in a rotten stamp just the other side. It was neatly

neither way. He finally managed to test himself hose, whon which he thrashed about and rattled furiously. My aboriginal friend killed him also, and made me a present of the tail, which consisted of no less than sixteen rattles and a button. We then proceeded to the tence of Two Bears, which we reached without meet-

ing may more rattleshakes. INTHAN FISH-HOOKS. Arriving there, we learned that the proprietor was up the canyon a short distance fishing for troof. We soon hunted him out and found this disciple of Isane Walton busy at work casting real flies and having in dead loads of the under the susdew of a mighty boulder jutting out of the mountain side. Around

him lay as near to I could judge forty odd pounds of fish, and some of them presty big ones, too. A few of speckled beauties must have tipped the scales at five or five and a half pounds But what struck me as most redog, which animal was browning to a markable was the style of paraphernalia used by this ign runt redskin and manner of snaring the wary trout. His rod was a long willow pole out from the bank, his line a sinew cord twisted al-most as fine as linen and thoroughly sonked with oil, and his book-ah! there was the most entions feature of his outfit -the books were simply the knots of the cottonwood tree, which happened to have the right share or nearly so, and they were strong along the line at intervals of about ten inches apart. I examined one signifies Hulf Wildcat. He offered her to of these curious contrivances, and found them slender and delicate and almost a counterpart of our modern and highly civilized nook. I learned that the knots were split to splinters of the proper size,

fang cut underneath to prevent slipping and then bent by steam into the desirshape and left to cool. When cool, after having been once steamed, they never lose their artificial shape, nor do they snap or break. For fles the Indian was using bumble-bees, grasshoppers and bugs. The trout bit voraciously at these dainties, sometimes two, three and even four being caught at one cast. Of course the untuitored savages had no skill in casting, but the fish were so plentiful that there was need of nothing further than simply dropping the line into the water. I happened to have a book of flies along with me and persuaded the angler to try a couple, but it was no use, as not a single trout was brought out with any of them. It is no opinion that the Rocky mountain trout are a wide-awake set and ntirely too wise to be caught with artificial flies when the genuine flies are out of season. After witnessing the rarest kind of piscatorial sport for two hours longer I left the lone fisherman to himself, and made my way down the valley and back to the agency, from which place

and reached civilization the next day.

I took my departure the same evening.

In "Hamlet's Garden." William Jackson Armstrong, in Brook-yn Magazine: The traveller in Elsinore enves the sombre Kronborg with a cheerful step to visit the sunny "Hamlet's Gar den," a narrow strip of cultivated forest facing the sea from a gentle elevation in the rear of the town. It is a pleasure park appropriately named. From its clean, any spaces one catches across the beaming waters of the Sound glimpses of Swedish coast, framed into enchanting pictures by the arching boughs of beech and maple, while its deeper recesses seem the abode of the very genii of quiet and meditation. On summer evenings, how-ever, the whole place is turned into a wholly different scene-one of tumult and variegated festivity, by the irruption into its limits of the population of the little city, come here at twilight to enjoy he breezes from the Kattegat, to listen to

music, and exchange gossip.

"Hamlet's Garden," if not satisfactor-ily orthodox in the respet of its christening, is a very genuine possession to the inhabitants of Esinore, who have left little to be asked for in the way of supplied the place of the place. vestibule of the wood, surmounted by a cross and a few rude stones, is a raised their ghastly uses in former days, were plying the illusion of the place. nound, commonly pointed out as "Hamlet's Tomb;" while at the other extremity of the garden is shown "Ophelia" Lake," formed by a narrow, shadowed valley, though one sees the clear evidence of the maiden's madness in her choice of this maddy six inch pool for drowning in preference to the wholesome waters of the sound not many hundred yards distant. In the center of this sosalled lake-evidently to re-enforce the sentimental congruities of the localityhas been arranged a small heart shaped island, from which the members of a loal brass band discourse in the evenings of the summer gala season melodies to their fellow citizens of Elsinore.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilia, and is true of no other medicine. It is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy, while thousands testify to its superior bloodpurifying and strengthening qualities. bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 loses and will last a month, while others will average to last not over a week Hence, for economy, use only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Just Her Size.

New York Sun: "I think I wear twos. she simpered to the shoe-maker do I noty" "Yes, ma'am," said the bonest dealer, "you wear twos." Then, under his breath: "One on each foot."

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"

will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections

fallen on the state prison at Carson City turns out to be only the pollen from the pine trees, and the bad men of Carson now feel easier.

Kirk's German Pile Ointment. Sure cure for bind, bleeding, and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using this wonderful Kirk's German Pile Onnment. It absorbs minors, allays the itching at once, lets as a poultice, gives instand feller. Kirk's German Pile Orntment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted by our agents. Sold the description of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted by our agents. Sold by druggists; sent by mail on receipt of price. boc per box.

DR. C. O. BENTON, PROP. Sold C. F. Goodman and Kuhn & Co., litt and Douglas, 18th and Cuming A New Milford, Conn., landiord who could get no rent from his tenant got an officer and tore down part of the house in order to eject the man and his belong-Higs.

"Possession is nine points of the law," but Red Star Cough Cure knocks out a

U. P. Band Excursion Basket Pienic to Fremont will take place Saturday, Aug. 34. Round trip, \$1 children, 50c. GET HOWE & KERR'S PRICE ON FURNI TURE. 1510 DOUGLAS STREET

If you buy lumber anywhere without first getting Honglands prices you will lose money.

For the next thirty days you can buy neck and imbedded itself in a rotten stump just the other side. It was neatly and deverty done. The rattlesmake was a prisoner, the arrow impaining him just above the ground so that he could move

## KRONBERG'S FEUDAL INFERNO

mous Castle.

A Visit to the First Tier of Caverns-The Torture Galleries and Dungeons of Ancient Times.

Brooklyn Magazine for August: Perhaps no part of the Kronborg loctress has a more fascinating interest than that which hes underground. This interest attaches not only to the enormous extent of the subterranean eavity and the uses it has served in historic times, but to the association of a representative national legend with this part of the castle. The portion of this underground space commonly visited by travelers, is that of the casemates lying immediately below the basement story of the building. These easemntes, running under the custle's entire extent, are said to have frequently accommodated, in the days when the structure was a veritable fortress, a thousand soldiers, though in wandering through 5 their vast spaces one easily believes that their actual capacity would be for many times this number. By the dim light reaching their sombre depths from apertures pierced lownward through the walls and outer terrnoes, traces of their former military occupation are everywhere visible in the huge wooden bins used to contain flour and other provisions for the garrison. This subterranean bivour was once connected with the sea by a secret passage, enabling the de-fenders of the fortress to escape in the crisis of a siege. The whole atmosphere of the place is sufficiently mysterious and groesome to satisfy the most active fancy busying itself with mystery and gloom connection with mediaval eastles What, then, is the astonishment of the visitor who has completed the inspection of this immense cavern on being told that below these deeps of the Kronborg there lie yet other deeps far surpassing them in darkness and terror! And such indeed, is the fact. On receiving this information in my own case, when visiting the fortress a few years since. I asked the favor of being permitted to view these nether vacits, said to have been anciently used

as dungeons for the continement of political and other prisoners. The request, I was told, was an extremely unusual on visitors being commonly content with the experience of the dismal tour of the ensemates; but it was readily granted by courteous Danish officials having charge of the premises on the easy condition of my assuming the risk of any "inconvenience" arising from the adventure, it not being, as they assured me, a "boliday ex-cursion." Behind a soldier selected as my guide and provided with a huge pine torch, which he held in one hand while retaining in his other an unlighted one in reserve, I necordingly made the de-scent into this feudal interno. As we proceeded into the depths, the torch appeared only as a dazzling spot against surrounding blackness, its rays ingly effectual only to heighten the in-tense gloom of the place. The eye beeame at length accustomed to its lend, however, and by its flicker against the massive pediments and walls upholding the super-structure of the fortress, I was conducted now through wide, open spaces, and now through narrow, tortuous galleries toward the nethermost recesses of these dun-geons lying below the level of the sea. Their stience and chill, aided by their oppressive and almost appalling. the walls cozed in places a trickling slime, while from the roof extended the hardened himy secretions of centuries. Every step of the advance was haunted by the thought of possible experiences in these isolated vaults in the event of the sudden extinguishment of the soldier's torch. That this region of the caswas in earlier centuries the scene of the horrors of extreme human suffering there is evidence in the existence of the familiar torture-chamber within the castle's limits; and that hor-rors even greater than those of the ordinary mediaval torture were enacted here I was not left wholly without reason to suspect. My guide suddenly stopped at a broken wall par tially closing one end of a narrow chamber, whose apparently earthen floor was raised about eighteen inches above that of the surrounding passageways. "Try dier addressing me. Following his direc tion. I prodded the bottom of the vault in dozen places, and threw up from its black surface with every movement of my walking stick a fragment of bone! Wherever, indeed, this surface was pierced, the stratum underneath was dis-

covered to be a compact deposit of decaying bones and animal matter. "Look at the opposite wall, yonder, said my guide, speaking again. 'Long ago,' he continued, "this was the place "Long of the last confinement of certain oners capitally condemned by the state. They were thrown into the chamber en e and walled in from this end. pitcher of water was set in the aperture of the wall there, and that was the last they received of food or drink. They died of starvation and madness, and fel in a heap, making this floor a bed of human bones, as you see, this wall falling away long afterward making the fearful discovery Whether the soldier's accounts of what I saw were in any part true I was unable then or afterward to determine. The horrors described were not inconsistent with the existence of The shower of sulphur said to have of the castle, nor with the methods of the castle, nor with the methods of the age to which the structure itself owes its origin.

JACK MOCOMB'S LUCK.

How a Big. Whole-Souled Irishman Struck it Rich in Leadville,

New York Mail and Express: Mr. John Afrins, managing editor of the Rocky Mountain News, was smoking a cigar and entertaining a group of friends in the reading-room at the Fifth Avenue hotel the other day, when a writer for the New York Mail and Express dropped in. The Denver editor was relating biographies of "old timers" he knew at Leadyllie when the first great excitement prevailed over the discovery of that time, 1878, he was editing the Lead ville Chronicle, and in the space of years wrote more about men who died from pistol and gunshot wounds than persons living. He blew a cloud of sinoke from his mouth and said:
"Now, there was Jack McComb, whose

career points a small moral and shows how a diamond in the rough will always pan out well. Jack was pan out well. Jack was a big, whole-souled Irishman, and had the proverbial luck of the gulch and placer miners. He was stout-hearted, full of go, and ex-pected to strike it heavy one day. Before the run on Leadville he had gulched it at several places, but never made more than enough to get along comfortably. the big boom came Jack was in the swim and located a claim not far from the town. He had two mules and a wagon and managed to sink a shaft. He called his lead "Maid of Erin." Every day he came around and talked about the Finally everybody knew the name of his mine and listened to his plans for working it. This was in 1878. For a

## A Subterrapean Fortress Under the Fa- FRENCH VILLA SOAP



WORLD's SOAP Mrg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y .:

Gentleman-I received the Kurtzmann Piano awarded to me, and return my most hearty thanks. It is a beautiful instrument, and experts say it has a spiendid tone.

Your soap is A I. Most Resp'y Yours. MRS, EDWARD SHIPMAN.

278 Waverly-st., West Side, Cleveland, Ohio.

Extract from letter received.

lence, so he came down and got full. He

made himself convival, drank to the 'Maid,' and declared the lead would prove a bonanza. He sold his mules and wagon, bought a diamond pin and high collar, and togged himself up in the style of a miner millionaire. All his friends ried a republican. drank with him and rejolced in his great fortune. Nothing but the strike at the Maid' was heard discussed on the streets. Two or three days afterwards the ore 'pinched out' on him. It was a fearful set back to imagine that he was wealthy beyond the dream of avarice, and to find that ore was only a blind and extended no distance. Everybody had heard of the 'pinch-out.' He took it good naturedly. nd swore that he still had confidence in the 'Maid.' Ex-Senator Tabor heard of

the 'pinch-out' at the 'Maid' and offered Jack \$47,000 cash down for the claim. After three or four days' parleying he accepted Taber's offer. "He banked his money and took a good old fashioned load of two weeks. He treated the boys, took a little himself, but never went to excess. Finally he resolved to hunt up his people in Ireland, and give them half his money. He was then about thirty-five years old. His family resided in the interior, some distance from Dublin. They were very poor and never dreamed that Jack would be worth a

cent. He came down to the Chronicle office and bade me good-bye. I liked Jack he was straight, clean-cut, had no wrinkles, or funny business about him.

I applauded his resolution to
go and assist his aged parents and relatives. He put \$20,000 in
his pockets and started. On his arrival
in Dublin he boarded a train for the interior and got off at a village three miles from where the McComb family resided He hired a cab or fancy drove up in front of his father's home. His old mother came to the door, but failed to recognize him. He explained who he was, but his reception was cold His parents thought he was a Fenian, or something of the kind, and had come back without a cent of money to bother and worry them. The driver of the turnout became uneasy about his pay, came to the door and demanded it of Jack.

"What do you ask for the ear and horse!" asked Jack. The driver named a sum much larger than the McCombs had ever made clear upon the farm. Jack said that he would buy the outfit, but in order to make sure that the driver could give a clean bill of sale he went back to the village with him. The family were utterly astonished at Jack's way of talking about large sums of money, and while he was ab-sent, buying the turnout, it dawned upon them that he was wealthy. Before he returned the neighborhood was informed that the McComb boy had come back rolling in money. His cousins, nieces, nunts, sisters, brother-in-law, and he acquaintances of the family assembled to make him welcome. king of the occasion, made a little speech of thanks for the reception and set up the half-and-half to their heart's content. It was a big jolification time and a feast while he remained. He bought norses and paid the rent many years in advance for his father, gave him a sum of money to keep him up the rest of his life, and to each of his relatives he gave money. He put them all in good condition financially. His wealth gave him quite a boom as a marriageable man, and won a rosy-cheeked Irish lass. He concluded that Mrs. Jack McComb should do the grand thing and see life. He traveled on the continent and did Paris Jack McComb is now a prospecous citi-zen of Leadville. When he married be "budged" a good deal, but his wife reformed him and he does not drink now. He owns an interest in the New York mine, has been elected alderman and is one of the best citizens in the city. ans a daughter attending school in Worf Hall institute, Denver, and is thoroughly

happy.

Heavy tes drinkers, says the Lancet, first become "wildly excluble,"then their sense of hearing goes.

good supply of St. Jacobs Oil. Samson, the French executioner, be

Old fishermen always take with them

eaded 7.148 people in his official career being 217 a year. The Bangor Commercial says a plou

old lady recently sent as wedding presents a pair of flatirons, a rolling pin and motto worked on cardboard reading Imitations have been folsted moon the

market so closely resembling Alicock's Porons Plasters in general appearance as to be well calculated to densive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they compare with Alleock's, for they are worse than worthless, inasmuch as they contain deleterious ingredients which are not to enuse serious injury Remember that Allcock's are the only genuine porons plasters—the best exter nal remedy ever known; and when purchasing plasters do not only ask for but see that you get "Alloock's Porous Plasters." The popularity which these plasters have attained during the past thirty year he perged away without any decided | Years has no parallel, so it is no wonder results. It was too much to bear in si- that imitations and counterfeits abound. years has no parallel, so it is no wonder

Not That Kind of a Prohibitionist, Washington Critic: "I'm a democrat and a prohibitionist," said a politician Isn't that mixing things a little?" que-

No, sir; it is not." You are in favor of cold water as a "Not much, I nin't."

"Well, isn't that the prohibition doc-

'Not my kind, sir." Abt "No, sir; the kind of prohibitionist I am is one that prohible a republican from holding office under a democratic

Mr. Cleveland isn't a prohibitionist, then " "
"Bah," said the politician and accepted
an invitation to a whisky slug.

## Sleeplessness

Restlessness.

Children as well as adults sometimes ent too much supper or ent something that does not digest well, producing

Colic. Indirection, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Restlessness and Sleepless A good dose of Simmons Liver Regulator will give prompt relief.

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